

Half Moon Sharkey

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Summary: Half Moon's family died, so who takes him in? The Sharkeys of course. Its not going to be easy, because the Sharkeys are also suffering from recent death

Half Moon Sharkey

My head hurt. My head hurt and my body was stiff. I was so tired, but the detective in me had to know why. Curse my inquisitive nature. Slowly, I opened my eyes. I squinted through the too bright light, and to my horror, I saw nothing but white. Was I dead? Was this Heaven? What a huge let downâ€¦I turned to shield my eyes from the brilliant light and found that it was getting harder to breathe. No, that couldn't be right; you couldn't suffocate in heavenâ€¦I started coughing and wriggling, even though my body was sore and my legs felt like pins were stuck in them, the need to breathe was an excellent motivator.

"Moon! Half-moon, what are you doing?" I felt a hand on my shoulder turning me. Oh thank goodness, I breathed in sweet air in giant gulps and, when my heart rate slowed down, I opened my eyes again. I still saw white, but now there was a patch of orange to my right. The patch spoke.

"Suffocating yourself with a pillow, that's how you repay us for all the hours we spent here talking to you?" It was a joke, but there was an underlying sadness to the voice that told it.

My eyes began to adjust, and I realized that I was in a white room, lying on a white bed. The orange patch grew less fuzzy until I recognized my best friend, Red Sharkey. He turned and spoke to someone else, but I stopped listening. Instead, I tried to read his shirt, which said "This shirt is stolen, what cha' gonna do about it?" That proved it; I was definitely not in Heaven.

Another head appeared. "Fletcher, How are you feeling?"The man looked at me through thin, delicate looking glasses and pressed his thin

lips together.

"Do I know you?" I whispered, my voice sounded strange, like a five year old with his mouth full of dirt. My head still ached; it felt like there was a pile of stones in place of my brain.

"Well, we've never met while you were conscious." I now saw the man was wearing a doctor's coat, which was pretty terrifying since he didn't look like he could be more than twenty- five. He scribbled something on a clipboard. "However", he continued, "I've spoken to you many times while you were in your coma."

I blinked. " I was- say, say that again."

Red and the doctor looked at each other. "Half moon" Red began slowly, still not looking at me, "there was a- um, a traumatic event."

"Traumatic enough to put you in a coma," the doctor added.

Red chose this moment to hand me something soft and brown.

"What is this?" I picked it up and winced at the sound of my own voice.

"It's a teddy bear I found at your house. Seriously, you didn't know what it was? Here, " he pulled my new cell phone out of his pocket. "I'll add 'teddy bear' to your vocabulary, there's an app for that."

"That's my phone! Why are you giving me stolen teddy bears?"

"Because, Fletcher, " the doctor answered for hi, "it will offer security and comfort as we explain this traumatic event that has occurred. Although, I am concerned with your lack of basic vocabulary. I assume that you knew what a teddy bear was before you went into a coma?"

I ignored him and turned to Red. "If you're going to tell me, then tell me."

>Red's face changed from one of slight concern to one of guilt, sadness and was that a bit of panic? No, Red didn't panic, he was too cool for thatâ€|. <p>

"I'm afraid," the doctor began in a tone that was probably meant to be gentle, " that your family isn't with us- anymore." He stammered on the last bit, then to be clear he added, "and they won't be coming back to our world."

I threw the teddy bear at his face.

I heard a moan, a heartbreaking loud moan of someone dying. Tears ran down my face. I said something, but I don't remember what. I don't know if I tried to hit something, or if I just scared my friend and the doctor but I felt my arms being pinned to my sides. I felt claustrophobic. I wanted to run but I was so tired, I blacked out.

End
file.